

Shyne "Bang"

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I done fucked, 'The Baddest Bitches', ask Trina
Give her coke to stuff between her, said she loved my
demeanor
Felonies and misdemeanors, I'm villified
I just, rap on the side, black Mafia ties

Prolific words, I speak for the unheard
Niggas who love guns, money, girls and furs
Sittin' up in the mans', runnin' shit
On the phone moving bricks, orderin' hits

Perfected the game, diamond infested the chain
Niggas think I change, I'm just tryin' to watch 'em
change
Livin' the American dream
Drugs, violence, sex and loaded magazines

That's all I could talk about in these sixteen
'Cuz that's all I live, ask Tibs
It is what is, either graveyards or consecutive life bids,
shit

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Niggas wanna bang, we could bang out
Til the clip's done or your vital arteries hang out
Ham a cot, Bad Boy, the black Camelot
Raise the price and connect the dots

Through life's journeys, all I need is a couple of mack
mils
A couple of mils and good attorneys
Skatin' on big blades, goin' out in a blaze in my last
days

I'll probably die with a bad drug trade or an overdose

Without tellin' my moms, sorry it was close
My wife and my bitch, fightin' over my notes
All my niggas skied north, makin' a toast
'Til hell, just gimme bad bitches in Channel

Connects wit, Chinese cartels and that new SL
And the judge that's gon' set my bail

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I'm on top of this shit, look at the wrists
Too much rocks in this shit, ain't that a bitch
Make hits, til my last breath
With that nigga, the P U double F

So lay back in the cut motherfucker 'fore you get shot
I kill niggas on the spot like a cop
I did it all four seasons, suites to a cot
Give bitches nothing but Breathmints and this cock

Call me what, there's a way to eat
And all we got is sports, entertainment or the streets
I'm in deep, think of Citibank, when I sleep
Ching, ching, like I was from Shaolin

Brooklyn nigga, what you say, keep stylin'
My air force ones, you couldn't walk a mile in
I love politics, narcotics and violins
Bad Boy forever, we move in silence

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